Can You Make Me Feel Loved, Please?

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Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con
Categories:	F/M, M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), James Bond (Craig Movies), Casino Royale (2006)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Le Chiffre/Will Graham, Original Female Character/Original Male Character, Le Chiffre/Original Female Character
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Le Chiffre, Jack Crawford, Original Character, James Bond, Mr. White (Casino Royale), M (James Bond), Q (Bond - Craig movies), Lady Murasaki, Robert Lecter, ;; - Character
Additional Tags:	Obsessive Behavior, Possessive Hannibal, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Rutting, Memory Loss, Sex Toys, Implied/Referenced Cheating, Male-Female Friendship, Childhood Friends, Talking About the Past, sometimes it get ridicoulous, so be prepare, Le Chiffre - Freeform, OCC Behavior, Fights, of any types, Fluff and Humor, Alpha Hannibal, Alpha Le Chiffre, Omega Will, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Drug Use
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Can You Make Me Feel Loved, Please?

by Lover_of_AUs (orphan_account)

Summary

“I promised to be with you forever, to protect you, love you. I promised, and I still mantein that promise.”
“You're a liar. You left me with that monster...But I can't hate you. I love you, Danny, come back for me, please...”
“If I could, I would run to you. But I can't. I'm sorry. After all, I'm just a memory, remember?”

Will, after losing everything he once loved with his poor, broken heart, is forced to sink deep in a life he never wanted. The only thing he has is the memory of his beloved Daniel, which make him survive. And someone else will need his memories back to survive, and maybe another chance.

Everything started to fall long before he caught Bond. More importantly, he knew everything was going down at the beginning of his career as the banker of the terrorism.

Le Chiffre's mind was floating in a cloud of poison, pain everywhere in his body. He saw himself reflected in the glass in front of him, and the only thing he could see was a sad, miserable man staring back. He sighed. The handcuffs around his wrists were attached to the table in front of him and the light above him hurt his eyes, burning like hell. *Useless alpha* . He breathed deeply and tried to free himself. Again and again, until he smelled his blood; the cuffs were so well secured around his wrists that they felt like knife blades. He cursed and kicked one of the legs of the table, the metallic sound echoing in his head.

He waited and waited, the time passing slowly. He tried to recognize some scents so he could at least knew who was spying him. The alpha could only smell his own scent and blood. He growled and laid his head on the cold surface of the table, trying to relax. Le Chiffre felt like ripping his hands off because of the stupid cuffs, but then, what would he do after? Hit the glass with his head until he died? Again, with no options and feeling like a failure, he resigned to waiting.

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He was in a classroom. It was raining outside, drops hitting the window and running down, a little trail of water behind them marking their paths. He scanned the room.

Four rows of six double desks, a blackboard with a maths problem written on it, a world map, a clock and some posters about 'school stuff'. The students were chatting, eating and laughing. No one seemed to care about doing the exercise.

After looking around, he inspected what was in his own desk. A book, pencils, a notebook full of notes and drawings, little scraps of paper and a red jacket. Under the jacket, there were some sweets hidden.

He was so distracted studying the class that he didn't notice the body next to him immediately. Then he smelled it: a sweet scent of peaches and lilies, an omega. Le Chiffre turned his head to the left.

There she was. Black long hair falling like water, her long pale arms crossed on the desk. She wore a pink shirt with short sleeves. He followed the line of her body, her long legs stretched and hairless. Just seeing her made Le Chiffre's heart beat faster.

He felt a pointed thing scratching his hand, writing something. His moved by its own, not following the orders of Le Chiffre, and looked at the girl's face. Soft features, pink lips, and a pair of golden eyes. When he looked at them, the alpha could only see stars and suns, and felt his heart melt. They were so soft when they turned to him, and at the same time, he was scared of them. He believed those eyes could see everything about him. He didn't want that, he didn't wanted to scare the omega. He felt so bad, and he couldn't understand why he was living this memory again. When he saw girl smiling, he fainted.

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He saw a gray sky with dark clouds. Nothing moved, no sounds, no smiles. Everything was dark. Le Chiffre tried to move, but his body was so heavy...

He waited until suddenly he found himself rolling on the ground, hitting a body next to him and putting himself upside down, looking at a book. Next to him, the girl. She was talking to him, smiling and pointing something in the book, explaining something. The alpha only saw numbers and letters spread over the pages. It didn't make any sense. He tried to talk, but he couldn't.

Again, his body moved and he was kissing the girl in the lips. She tasted like honey and strawberries, as sweet as her scent. Le Chiffre closed his eyes, not wanting to stop. Without warning, the ground opened and the alpha fell in it. He saw objects falling next to him: books, phones, lamps, toys, knives, numbers, and those golden eyes.

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He opened his eyes just in time to receive the punch in his right eye. His twin, Hannibal, the one who smelled funny. He didn't know why but Hannibal was furious and his knuckles were bloody. Maybe with his or Hannibal's own, Le Chiffre neither knew or cared. He could see hate in his brother's eyes, a bloody stare throwing daggers to his enemy. Another punch landed on his shoulder, another in his stomach. Le Chiffre tried to get away from his brother, but he couldn't. He looked fro a weapon to defend himself with, hand closing on a little statue a few inches from him. He hit his brother with it in the head, and Hannibal cried in out pain. He covered his injured head, blood spilling between his fingers. Then, Le Chiffre kicked him to the ground. Again and again and again and again and again. He couldn't stop. He felt so good, so powerful. He smiled.

He always knew he was a sadist. He loved to hurt people, how they would squirm under him, beg him to stop. He just wanted to hurt him so much. His smile grew; eyes wide open to see him. He heard a crack. The alpha turned his head and saw the omega standing in the door, trembling. Next to her, his uncle and aunt with two servants, one alpha and the other beta. His uncle and the alpha servant took him by the arms, removing him from Hannibal. As he was tugged away, Le Chiffre noticed a dark trail from his brother to his own feet. He watched how the omega ran towards Hannibal, followed by his aunt, and how her delicate hands touched his bloody face. Hannibal tried to get up, but failed and fell into the omega's arms. She hugged him, and Hannibal returned the hug. Le Chiffre started to scream and scream, fury burning inside him. He tore himself free and ran towards them like a bull. Then, his head hit the floor and the room was plunged into darkness…

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He was in his uncle's office, next to his brother. He was still like a stone, hands behind his back and head bowed. Le Chiffre didn't realize he was mirroring Hannibal's stance, turning his bowed head to see him. He could hear the distorted voice of his uncle, and when he looked down, he saw a dark puddle under his feet. He froze, scared, because the puddle grew and grew, moving up his legs. Breathing was becoming harder, tears running down his cheeks, bloody tears. When the dark fluid was over his hips, it stopped. Then a small white hand touched his and put a ring on it. He looked up and saw the omega, tears on her pink cheeks. She didn't look at him, but to Hannibal.

His mind was sinking in pure hate towards his brother for taking the omega's attention. **Look at me, not him. Me, me, me, me, me, me, me, me, ME! You're mine, just mine, how dare you not look at me, look, look, look at me, not him. ME, NOT HIM!**

As if he had said that out loud, golden eyes meet maroon ones, and Le Chiffre stopped breathing. Even crying, she was beautiful, but he saw so much pain in those eyes. It was true he liked to inflict pain on others, but with her, oh her… Just looking at her eyes, it made Le Chiffre's heart stop beating. She made him feel like a wild animal tamed just with a touch from one of her long fingers. And because of that, he couldn't stand seeing her like this. He wanted to caress her cheek, but the puddle took his arm and swallowed him.

Le Chiffre heard a voice before he passed away, a sweet voice. It sounded so pained it made Le Chiffre felt angry with himself.

I'M SORRY

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Will Graham was living a nightmare. After what happened that day in his home, when Hannibal Lecter raped him in attempt to mate with the omega, he knew for sure the alpha wouldn't let him go. Thanks to him, he had lost everything he loved and had, living just far memories of what it used to be his happy life.

Hannibal had ensured that Will had lost not only his house, but also his job and dogs. The omega had taken his dogs to a shelter with tears on his cheeks because Will had found himself without means to take care of them. He'd slept in a shelter for a week, trying to contact anyone he knew for help, but no one would. After that, the omega found himself running around the city, trying to escape from Hannibal. But Jack found him, and the racing ended.

The alpha had hugged him with such love and tenderness that it made Will want to puke. He had told Will, in front of the team and Jack himself, how much he had suffered from his disappearance. How he had imagined all kind of bad things that could have happened and

how much time he had spent searching for him. *Bullshit,* thought Will, *you're the cause of all of this.*

Hannibal had carried him bridal style towards his car, and during the trip he had kept his hand on his knee. When they got to Hannibal's house, he took the omega to the master bedroom and fucked him. Will didn't fight him. Everything Hannibal said during the time they were alone was true. Will had no home, no family and no friends to rely on; he only had Hannibal. The alpha had made sure he was the only thing in his life. Hannibal's words were still floating in his troubled mind…

You are alone. No one wants an old omega as a mate, even more so with your multiple problems. Would you have preferred to serve cocks in a dirty motel, alone with no one who'll love you? That will be your future without me, William, because you are of no use anymore. But here you are: in my house, in MY bed, with ME. I could have any omega I want, rich or poor, but instead I have you. I could have a young, fertile and beautiful omega who would give me strong children, but no, I selected YOU. BE grateful. You MUST do everything I say from this moment, or else you'll pay. And darling, my beautiful little, stupid omega, you don't want me to be angry with you. I have such a bad temper...

Those words made him cry, and the only one who was there to clean those tears was Hannibal. He was so tired and weak without even the energy to reply, much less stop the mating. He just let Hannibal do everything he wanted, acting like a living doll.

He couldn't understand how everything had come to this. He was so happy with Danny and they were going to be fathers. How had he ended up in the arms of this monster?

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